

Come Back...Be Here

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Come Back...Be Here

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Based on Taylor Swift's "Come Back...Be Here". George realizes it's too late, because Dream's already disappeared. Now, all he could do is think. At the end, George knows one thing for sure.

Notes

It's my first time writing for this fandom. Woo. Also first time writing a fan fic in more than a year, so kindly forgive me for any errors and stuff.

IMPORTANT : You might wanna listen to Taylor Swift's song "Come Back... Be Here". Not only because it's an amazing song, but that's what the entire story is based on (as seen in the summary and title). The bold italic text are the lyrics to the song so... yea :))

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

You said it in a simple way

4AM, the second day

How strange that I don't know you at all

After two weeks of staying over at George's, Dream is currently discussing how he's bound home

two days later at 4AM.

“The flight is at 4AM, so I’ll probably need to be at the airport at like three. That means we’ll need to wake u—”, Dream speaks while pacing around the blue living room holding his tickets before George interrupts.

“Oh my god, why are you talking about this already?”, George says as he adjusts the way he lays down on his couch. He props himself on his elbows. “Am I that annoying that you wanna leave that bad?”, he says while making a half-assed attempt at puppy eyes.

“No, George. Not that.”, the younger says before walking closer to the other. “It’s just that, y’know, I haven’t talked too much about it until today. Plus, it’s always good to be prepared. Right? Also, your puppy eyes suck. Stop it.”

George tries to intensify his puppy eyes before losing balance on his elbows and plopping back onto the couch. Dream wheezes in his usual kettle laugh. “Oh, shut up.”, George scoffs to the man that’s grabbing his chest while making fun of him.

Whilst the other man is laughing his ass off, George lightly smiles. “Man, I’ll miss this when he leaves.”, he thinks to himself. “The way he laughs, the face he makes, and- wait a second.”, his thoughts read. He tells himself to stop thinking that way of his best friend. He doesn’t like dudes. All that thinking was probably him just appreciating his best friend in a platonic way, right?

Stumbled through the long goodbye

~~One last kiss~~, then catch your flight

Right when I was just about to fall

The day eventually arrived. George never thought it would, neither did Dream. After two weeks of bonding that couldn’t be done from a TeamSpeak channel or a video call, Dream was bound to go back to Florida.

Dream leads the pair in the airport, luggage in hand, before turning around when they reach the gate. He sighs, “Listen, George.” George pays very close attention to what his best friend says next. “These past two weeks have probably been two of the best weeks of my entire life. I literally couldn’t have had it turn out any other way. So, thank you so much.. for being an amazing host, an incredible best friend, and so so much more.. Thank you, dude.” George could feel his eyes watering the tiniest bit from joy. “Of course, Clay. You’re always welcome in my home. Hopefully, I could visit yours too.”, George replies. The emotions George feels at this moment is unlike any other. He doesn’t want Dream to leave, but he has to. He knows that.

Dream lets go of his luggage before opening his arms for George to enter. With zero hesitation or thought, George accepts the offer, wrapping his arms around Dream’s chest and resting his head near the other’s shoulder. The taller man, wraps his arms around the smaller and embraces him deeply. Something about this hug feels so intimate, so genuine, so pure. It’s just that George can’t put a finger on it. For some reason, he wants to stay this way forever. He can feel some words on the tip of his tongue, just insisting to be said. He fights off that instinct just before Dream unwraps his arms around him. George slowly retracts from the hug he enjoyed maybe too much. He looks Dream into his eyes, and the same is done back to him. They both smile and chuckle. Dream grabs his luggage, before saying his final farewell to George. George says it back as he sees his best friend walk off into the airport. All he could do is stare and smile. He’s frozen in place. He wishes he could just pull him back into another hug and just take him back home. Suddenly, the words on the tip of his tongue finally release, “I love you, Dream.”.

I told myself, don't get attached
But in my mind I play it back
Spinning faster than the plane that took you

Immediately after he says this out loud, his eyes widen. Did he mean to say that? What if he said it earlier before Dream left? Countless questions pile up in his head while he stays still, looking in the direction his best friend had disappeared from. He plays back the memory of them hugging and just imagines if he would have said that earlier. Too many outcomes pile up following the questions from earlier. George tries to look around, however, it feels like the area is spinning around him. He feels sick. He feels down. He is confused. This trance is lost when a small child accidentally bumps into him, the mother apologizing to him. He tells her it's okay, in contrast to what he's feeling at that moment. He is not okay.

And this is when the feeling sinks in
I don't wanna miss you like this
Come back, be here
Come back, be here
I guess you're in ~~New York~~ (Orlando) today
I don't wanna need you this way
Come back, be here
Come back, be here

Thankfully, George didn't take much longer after that to call a cab to go back home. When it arrived, he entered the back seats and told the driver his address. It wasn't much after when he started to look outside his window at the cityscape around him. The dim lights covering every sidewalk and the wind blowing on leaves that fell on the ground. He reflected on what happened the last few weeks; how they had so much fun together, how Dream made fun of George's android, and more.

This isn't the first time he's reminiscing over his friends. Many friends have come and gone throughout many years, from elementary to university. The memories with Dream though, they're different and George knows it. It may have been only two weeks, but those two weeks are special. They didn't do anything fancy like skydiving or getting seven rings from the most expensive jewelry store in town. He felt as even if they were spending the entire span of his visit making paper rings, it would've been more than enough. That's when he finally admits it to himself. He sighs out of realization. He likes his best friend.

The delicate beginning rush
The feeling you can know so much
Without knowing anything at all

He untenses in the taxi seat. The driver looks in his rear mirror and shoots an "You good, mate?" at him in one of the heaviest British accents George has heard in a while. George just said he was fine before going back into thought whilst looking out the window.

He knows this feeling all too well. It may be rare, but he knows it all too well. He knows how it is to think about girls who've rejected him many times before. The delicate feeling of knowing he might never find actual love and someone who would love him back. However, is this case

different? Not really. It may be a guy and his best friend, but this feeling is still distinct. It may seem that it can't be too different, but to George, it is.

*And now that I can put this down
If I had known what I know now
I never would have played so nonchalant*

Similar to what he had done earlier in the airport, he replays the entire two weeks of them together. This time, he inserts himself confessing how he felt to Dream. So much more opportunities, gone. Even two days ago, on his couch. If only he had recognized that he actually liked his best friend from that moment, he could've confessed the day after and found out if Dream shared it or not. If only he had been more forward to himself and refused being so nonchalant.. If only he had been more direct.. All of those scenarios are always going to be what if's and George can't do anything about that. It sucks.

*Taxi cabs and busy streets
That never bring you back to me
I can't help but wish you took me with you*

Beep boop. A dinging noise booms across the airplane, waking up some passengers, including Dream. It had been a long nine-hour flight. He passed out watching some random Rom-Com the airplane had. A voice followed the ding on the airplane's speakers telling passengers that they were approaching the airport in Florida. Dream couldn't wait to be home. He thinks about Patches. He thinks about his mom. He also thinks about George and his other friends. It'll be back to TeamSpeak and maybe the eventual video call. He thinks about what George said before he walked off into the further area of the airport: the part where George said he'd wish to visit Dream's home. He smiled at that thought, before another noise arrived on the speakers.

Soon enough, Dream was in a cab headed home. The scenery outside the vehicle mimicked George's. This time, the cityscape is brighter as the sun barely shines over the area. Dream decides to notify his mother about his safe arrival in the state. Afterwards, he decides to shoot George a message through Discord.

Dream :

i.
have landed
also on a taxi goin home rn
can't wait for the jetlag your country caused :))

Given it was around 7am in Florida when Dream sent his message, it was around 1pm at George's place. The older man's phone buzzed on his dining table while he ate lunch. George got his phone and checked what the notification was. He slowly let go of the phone and placed it back on the table. "Maybe I should wait a few seconds.. or else Dream might think I'm clingy or I missed him too much..", George thought. While he thought that, he remembered how he reflected earlier morning about being nonchalant with Dream about his feelings. After that small mental TedTalk, he came to the conclusion to not hide his feelings for Dream "too much". What did that mean? George really didn't know. Nevertheless, he started to type his reply. He slowly typed "wish the taxi would bring you here rn" before swiftly deleting it and typing a different response.

George:
yaaaaay

you didn't crash

did you want me to crash? :(

NO

hahaha im kidding George

good

it'd suck to lose you

aww that's so sweet George :,)

(..When George sent his message, he smacked himself in the face. Why would he send that? How forward should he be? He doesn't know.)

George:

shut up

alright George

This is falling in love in the cruelest way

This is falling for you and you are worlds away

George and Dream had been messaging each other for awhile now. That was until their conversation took a standstill. It was rare, but it still happened every once in a while. George wanted to end said standstill. He wanted to keep it going. So, he typed "miss u" before quickly deleting it. He was hoping Dream didn't notice him typing something and not sending it.

Dream:

what was that?

what was what?

what did you type?

i didnt type anything

no no

i saw that

you were typing something before you deleted it.

dream i dont know what youre talking about right now

(..Again, George slapped himself in the face.)

Dream:

yes you do

George we are not ending this conversation until you admit it

admit what?????

GEORGE

dont make me fly back to London only to know what you were typing

do it then

>:(

no

>:(((

fine

i wanted to say i miss you

See George? it was that easy
don't worry
i miss you too

After that, the conversation kept going until Dream arrived at his place and had to rest. George thought to himself while his cat watched him. He asked himself, “Why would the universe be this cruel to me and make me realize I’ve been falling for him when he had already left?” Was this some sick joke? The fact that they lived worlds and timezones away didn't help either. George sighed. He looked at his cat who had been watching him the entire time he had been texting and thinking about his best friend. Giving it a pet, he said, “Man.. If only you told me sooner too..” The pet could only meow in reply.

~~New York~~, be here

But you're (not) in London and I break down

'Cause it's not fair that you're not around

Eventually, George walked to his PC. He remembers how Dream criticized his setup and how his back at Florida was much better. Oh, to have him still be here bickering about anything and everything. George sighs. On a normal day, he wouldn't be feeling like time has slowed down. It seems today isn't a normal day then. Time just feels so slow and unreal. He wants to start planning their next visit to each other. He wants to visit him in Florida. He wants Dream to visit London again. As these types of thoughts pile up in his head, he can't even manage to open his PC. He thinks it's so unfair how Dream could leave him like that. How he had to leave because he had a family back in the States. How he had to leave, because he had friends there. How he had to leave, because he had his entire life in America, not London. Yet, all George can do right now is think. Maybe these thoughts will fade, or maybe they will get worse.

Come back, be here

(Aah) Come back, be here

Either way, George knows one thing : Dream needs to come back, and be here.

End Notes

Uhhhhh I'm sorry for what you just read HAHAHA. I hope the formatting turned out aight. Someone please notice the multiple songs I have lowkey placed as easter eggs (hint : Ariana Grande and one or two Taylor Swift songs.) If you liked it, please leave it a kudo and/or

comment. Make sure to stream Lover on all streaming platforms :)) Aight byee

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!